
Title: Wishing on the Well of Pity (Book 3)

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Book Three.

Perception is Based
Upon What You See,
and the Angle at
Which You See It.

Chapter 1.

"Sweet Kira, I love you
so much," he told her.
She blushed, paused
for a moment then
replied, "I love you too,
Jacob." The marriage
was two months in
depth, and both were
enjoying it to it's
fullest.

Rufus lay in his bed
and stares at his
ceiling, and takes a
moment of silence to
remember his dear
wife Jade. Even
though she was dead,
he was still in love
with her. Death halts
physical love only. As
he took this moment of
peace, this moment of
sweet surrender, he
tried to picture what
it would be like if she
were still there.

Ludos, Rufus' son,
silently buttoned his
jacket. He was
summoned to war.
Their country,
Jadincia, which was
named after Jade, was
at war with the
neighboring country.
Not only was this a
problem for Ludos
because he had to put
his life at risk, but it

was a dire risk to Kira
as well. Kira's
husband was a prince
of Avandore, the
warring country.

The third child, the
youngest daughter, sat
in the library,
silently reading a
book. She thought to
herself, 'I'm trapped
in the middle of all
this madness.. Maybe
I can end my life
now? . . . No, stop
thinking that . . . But
maybe that's what I
can do? . . . Maybe . .
. if something tragic
happens . . . like my
death . . . then maybe
everyone will realize
how solitary they
have made me
become?'

A dove flies to Rufus'
window, startling
him. breaking him out
of his silent
meditation of his
dead wife Jade. What
is silence? Silence is
happiness. If no one
says something, then
are we are deaf? If
we could not speak,
then would we hear?
What would be the
point of sound? What
would be the irony in
the daily happenings
and blisses of this
mellodramatic life?
Are we all being
dramatized by silver
thoughts and golden
memories? Why must
we be tied at hand and
foot to this
metaphorical table,
while the blur that is
life's harmony just
passes us by? The
angle at we see life is
perception. How do we
percept our situations?

How can we possibly
look around at this life
and say that it's
harmonic and blissful
if the only bliss is
thoughts of death and
war? There is but
one answer, and look
no further than the
wishing well of
dreams to find it.
Dreams can be made
here, and here only.
The wishing well of
dreams is locked
inside your mind,
with the key cast
inside itself, inside
what is empty, inside
what is beauty, inside
what is peace and
understanding. How
can we make sense of
all this?

A tear drops from
Lydia's eye. 'Why do I
have to be the
youngest child? Why
is all of this
happening to me?'

Rufus stares
carefully at the white
dove. The dove looks at
him, trapped inside
it's innocence and
beauty. But what sort
of wisdom can a lowly
dove have? A dove is
but a bird, and a bird
is but a creature
which roams this
earth. If we all just
cast our dreams and
memories and
happiness down the
wishing well, then
what becomes of our
pity? Must it be
reaped and sowed into
the fertile grounds of
death? Death has
taken Jade, it has
taken many. It will
someday take me, it
will someday take
you. Death is

supposedly trapped
inside this little box,
which is trapped
inside somewhere in
our thoughts, which
will only ever be
thought about when
the time of judgement
occurs. If we never
think about death,
then it won't exist. We
will live forever. Jade
will live forever in
his heart, and he will
live forever inside
her spirit. But the
agony of all of this! To
be trapped in the
middle! To be
sorrowful, to be
laying awake with the
dove perched on your
window, to tell your
lover that you love
them? The happiness
is so secluded that we
must perceive it to be
something real in
order to enjoy it.

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Chapter 2.

They all go about their
daily business.

Trapped. Rufus goes
about his royal duties.

Trapped. Kira talks
with her lover.

Trapped. Ludos tells
everyone goodbye then
walks out of the castle
doors, heading off to
war. Trapped. The
moment is tense, the
heat is burning up.

She takes one final
glance at this life then
stabs the knife into
her chest, piercing
her heart. She
collapses onto her bed,
the knife through her
body, the point
through her heart.

The note read, "See

what you have driven
me to? Think about
what you've done."
Lydia screamed, the
pain and sting of the
knife in her body.
With her final
moment she looked up
and saw the light.

The End. . .
(of Book 3)

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Sorry everyone, to
make this so sad. The
next one will be a lot
more happier. This
one is a bit short too..
Anyway, comments to
mySithie@hotmail
.com

or you can talk to me
when I'm on ICQ at
100679129.

-Vince Omni
Be careful which well
you wish on. . .